



# The Rainier Echo

Volume 1



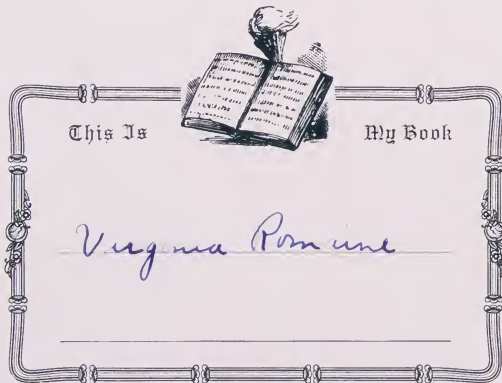
PUBLISHED BY  
THE SENIOR CLASS OF WESTERN WASHINGTON ACADEMY  
AUBURN, WASHINGTON  
1925



## Foreword

*In this, the first volume of The Rainierecho, it has been our aim to consolidate into as few pages as possible a record of the past school year. It has been a glorious year for us and for our academy—a year of pleasure and achievement.*

*To give such glimpses of the life at Western Washington Academy that others may be induced to come and participate in its activities and pleasures; to help you to remember your school, your fellow students, your trials and successes, and to keep aglow that feeling of school loyalty, has been the purpose of the staff in the production of this book.*





OUR SCHOOL



## Dedication



*"We would that thou who dost these pages idly turn  
Might'st come a pleasant hour aside  
In friendly vein to seek acquaintance with the one  
Whose Christian courtesy, whose godly rule of life,  
Whose winning smile, whose gentle pride,  
Have led us ever onward, higher things to learn.  
Then thou, with us, wouldst better tell  
The graces of a gentleman—the true-born man—  
To whom this book of memories so fondly planned  
We dedicate in last farewell."*

## The Appreciation of Our Faculty

Will H. Hayes says, "It is not so much the length of the steps as the direction," and how true that statement is. Two men may start out to attain the same goal. They may have similar dispositions, appreciate the same things, in fact appear to be similar in every respect, but in attempting to reach the same goal we find that they are very unlike, for the one attains his goal, while the other fails.

Why is it that we are or have been in a Christian school while our classmates of yesterday have been going to High School? Why is it that we are preparing to be Ambassadors of the Great King, while others are preparing for places of renown and self-aggrandizement?

Let us pause a moment in reflection. Perhaps some of you would say that it is the experiences we go through and the influences we are placed under in our early life that make us what we are, and this is true to a certain degree. If we are born of godly parents, they will exert an influence upon us at all times for that which is good. Thus as we grow up to young manhood and womanhood the influences thus exerted upon us by our parents will go with us through life wherever we may go or whatever circumstances we may be placed under.

There is another phase which also must be mentioned, and that is that of receiving a Christian education, which is the second powerful radiator of influence in our lives. Let us turn from the general to the specific.

Passing over a span of years we find ourselves at Western Washington Academy, members of the class of 1925. Why? Because of the influence of parents, friends, and teachers. We as a class of 1925 feel that we cannot express in fit words the real value of the help we have received during each year spent here. The advice we have received of our instructors, year by

year, and the kind, faithful service rendered us, have bound us to them by unseverable cords. We especially want to thank our faculty of this past year for their words of counsel and help in time of trouble. Many times have they been found in their class rooms poring over papers and notebooks after we have retired. Why? Because they have our interest at heart. They are glad to sacrifice their time, to forego their pleasures, in order to help us.

We do appreciate this service, and we, as students, have wandered over the campus with our various faculty members, have walked through the corridors of this institution with them, and have been with them in their classrooms day after day. They have imparted to us many high ideals of principle and truth, which will remain with us the rest of our lives. They will be as guiding posts along life's highway, or as Northern Stars which the weary mariners anxiously view when the waters are troubled.

We are glad for the time we have spent at the Academy, and for the friendships we have made with both fellow-students and instructors. We feel that this last year marks one rung in the ladder of success, and we want to give our teachers the honor due them, that they may know that we appreciate their work.

EUGENE JEORGENSON

## Faculty



H. H. HAMILTON  
Principal and Manager



ELDER C. A. WYMAN  
Bible, Agriculture and Baking



WALTER BEACH  
Preceptor, History and Spanish



GEORGIA HEATON  
English and Sewing



CLAUDE THURSTON  
Mathematics and Science



FRANK STEUNENBERG  
Voice and Woodwork



ANNA G. ROEDEL  
Preceptress, Domestic Science



MILDRED WYMAN  
Piano





MRS. A. GYES  
Matron



CARL ROTTMILLER  
Assistant Manager, Farm



MRS. CARL ROTTMILLER  
Bookkeeper

## The Class Poem

*As waters are, just so are people,  
As journeying onward to the sea,  
They rise in snowy mountains lofty  
Proceeding towards eternity.*

*Beginning small, but larger growing  
As they unite upon their way,  
Each joining with some other's efforts,  
Combining fame at close of day.*

*So all of us have joined together  
Our little rivulets of life;  
United traveling on life's river,  
The merry class of twenty-five.*

*O'er rapids harsh and dreary valleys,  
Our little stream goes on its course.  
Thru dangerous gorges rushing, dashing,  
Descending swiftly from its source.*

*And then we pass thru pleasant meadows,  
By clovered banks and daisied fields,  
Beneath high cliffs like guardians standing  
That from rough winds our pathway shields.*

*Delightful years we've spent together  
As we've pursued our course at school.  
The days we've spent with loving schoolmates  
Are likened to a tranquil pool.*

*With teachers near like trees to shade us  
And greater knowledge to us give,  
Their watchful care and loving kindness  
Have taught us better how to live.*

*But now the tide of time has called us,  
And we must leave this pleasant place.  
So now farewell, but don't forget us  
As e'er we journey on apace.*

*So may God's blessing e'er go with us,  
Thus may His love be ever near;  
And may we e'er retain the mem'ries  
Of all our friends and school days here.*

VIVIAN E. NELSON



Dear Virginia, — Your quiet ways  
 & ease at the ivories has evolved into  
 real friendship with some. Real character

*Seniors*  
*comes from within,"*  
*for which we have learned*  
*to admire you, George.*



GEORGE M. JOHNSTON  
 Class President

'23-'24—Chairman of Social Com-  
 mittee.

'24-'25—Ex-Leader of M. V. Society.  
 Ex-Editor of The Academy  
 Magnet.

"Seest thou a man diligent in his busi-  
 ness?  
 He shall stand before kings."

#### PRISCILLA BATCHELDER

'24-'25—Chairman of Social Com-  
 mittee.

Business Manager of The  
 Rainierecho.

"Grace was in all her steps, heaven in  
 her eye,  
 In every gesture dignity and love."

#### IRENE DOUGAN

'24-'25—Circulation Manager of The  
 Rainierecho.

"The hand that hath made you fair  
 hath made you good."

#### MARGUERITE ANDRUS

*Class Secretary*

"Of all those arts in which the wise  
 excel,  
 Nature's chief masterpiece is writing  
 well."

#### DONALD F. GREEN\*

"Each day is traced, with the hand of  
 of youth, a record on history's  
 page."



## CURTIS M. HANNA

### *Class Sergeant-at-Arms*

'24-'25—Editor of The Rainierecho.  
Chairman of Cultural Com-  
mittee.

"Whate'er he did was done with so  
much ease.  
In him alone 'twas natural to please."

## VERNA CLARE HORSMAN\*

'24-'25—Ex-Secretary of Sabbath  
School.

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle and  
low,—an excellent thing in wom-  
an."

## LILLIAN DRAKE\*

'23-'24—Business Manager of Visual.  
Secretary of Sabbath School.

'24-'25—Chairman of Nominating  
Committee.

Ex-Superintendent of Pri-  
mary Division of the Sab-  
bath School.

"A perfect woman, nobly planned,  
To warn, to comfort and command."

## ESTHER DORIS HANLEY\*

'24-'25—Advertising Manager of The  
Rainierecho.

"The heart to conceive, the understand-  
ing to direct and the hand to exe-  
cute."

## LANCE BISHOP

'24-'25—Business Manager of The  
Academy Magnet.

Asst. Photo Editor of The  
Rainierecho.

" 'Tis good to be merry and wise."





BYRON G. MCKIBBEN

*Vice-President of Class*

'24-'25—Editor of The Academy Magnet.

Ex-Business Manager of The Academy Magnet.

Art Editor of The Rainier-echo.

"Who that well his work beginneth  
The rather a good end he winneth."

EDNA MAE BODDY\*

*Salutatorian*

'24-'25—Photo Editor of The Rainier-echo.

"Her air, her manners, all who saw  
admired—

Courteous though coy, and gentle  
though retired."

MARGIE MARIE HEATON\*

'24-'25—Alumni Editor of The Academy Magnet.

Asst. Circulation Manager of The Rainier-echo.

Asst. Secretary of M. V.

"In thy heart the dew of youth;  
On thy lips the smile of truth."

PRISCILLA MAE PURDY

"Music hath charms to soothe the  
savage breast,

To soften rocks or bend a knotted  
oak."

MILDRED S. GREEN\*

*Accompanist*

"The gentle mind by gentle deeds is  
known."



## JACK N. NELSON

'23-'24—President of Junior Class.  
Circulation Manager of  
Visual.

"You hear that boy laughing?  
You think he's all fun;  
But the angels laugh, too,  
At the good he has done."

## CATHRYN MATTHEWS

*Class Treasurer*

"And a little girl once kept so still,  
That she heard a fly on the window  
sill  
Whisper and say to a lady bird.  
She's the stillest child I ever heard."

## DOROTHEA BEMIS

Asst. Photo Editor of The Rainier-  
echo.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do,  
do it with thy might."

## VIVIAN NELSON

*Valedictorian*

'24-'25—Class Poet.

Asst. Editor of The Rainier-  
echo.

Ex-Secretary of Sabbath  
School.

"The mildest manners and the gentlest  
heart."

## EUGENE J. JOERGENSON\*

'23-'24—Vice-President of Junior  
Class.

Chairman of Cultural Com-  
mittee.

'24-'25—Ex-President of Students'  
Association.

"A princelier looking man never stepped  
through a prince's hall."

\*Subject to one credit.

Sixteen

*Dear Virginia,  
You are a cheerful friend.  
Remember the trip to Tacoma last year.  
I always like to hear you play  
on the piano. Remember me to your family.  
Love,  
Eugene*

# Class Night Program

## MOTTO

"Simplicity, Sincerity, and Service"

## COLORS

Nile Green and Salmon Pink

## FLOWER

Sunburst Roses

## AIM

"To Be Prepared"

<i>March</i> .....	Miss Virginia Romaine
<i>Invocation</i> .....	Prof. Hamilton
<i>Salutatorian's Address</i> .....	Edna Boddy
<i>Piano Solo</i> .....	Mae Purdy
<i>President's Address</i> .....	George Johnston
<i>Class Poem</i> .....	Marguerite Andrus
<i>Reading</i> .....	Lillian Drake
<i>Appreciation of Mother</i> .....	Esther Hanley
<i>Appreciation of Father</i> .....	Irene Dougan
<i>Violin Solo</i> .....	Priscilla Batchelder
<i>Part I Class History</i> .....	Cathryn Matthews
<i>Part II Class History</i> .....	Donald Green
<i>Part III Class History</i> .....	Curtis Hanna
<i>Class Prophecy</i> .....	Margie Heaton
<i>Quartet</i> .....	Verna Horsman, Edna Boddy Eugene Joergenson, Byron McKibben
<i>Class Will</i> .....	Eugene Joergenson
<i>Gift</i> .....	Jack Nelson
<i>Appreciation of the School</i> .....	Dorothea Bemis
<i>Valedictory</i> .....	Vivian Nelson
<i>Class Song</i> .....	Class

## President's Address

*Dear Parents, Board Members, Faculty, Fellow Students, and Friends:*

We, the class of 1925, welcome you this evening. We are glad to have you with us upon this memorable night of our lives.

We are glad, too, that our four years of academic work has been completed, yet sadness accompanies our joys.

We feel that we have successfully taken our first step in the preparation for life's great work. As we view our lives at this place and behold the vast store of knowledge before us, we are impelled to give voice to the sentiments of the great scientist, Newton, who at the close of his life said that he seemed as a child on the ocean's shore picking up a few pebbles while the great ocean of knowledge lay rolling before him.

The years we have spent at W. W. A. have given us a new vision of life. Our thoughts are very well expressed in the words of Longfellow, "Life is real, life is earnest and the grave is not its goal." To the Christian these words hold a deep significance, for life is a more vivid reality when Christ is brought into partnership. As one writer has well said, "Life, like the waters of the seas, freshens only when it ascends toward heaven." So we, the class of '25, want our lives to freshen the lives of others.

There is a definite object for which we are working. Our aims and ambitions do not fade into a mirage at the touch of death's cold hand. Why? Because we are building for Eternity.

We believe, as expressed by our motto, that "Simplicity, Sincerity and Service" are three essential attributes to the character of one who is truly successful in life. Let me call your attention for a moment to the full significance of these words: "Simplicity, Sincerity, and Service." Someone has said, "The wisest man could ask no more of Fate than to be simple, modest, manly, and true." Simplicity is the sure mark of real character. And what is character, you say? "Character is the entity, the individuality of the person, shining from every window of the soul, either as a beam of purity or as a clouded

ray that betrays the impurity within. The contest between light and darkness, right and wrong, goes on. Day by day, hour by hour, moment by moment our characters are being formed." This continual hammering and forging process going on in each one of our lives, though unconscious as we are of its moulding influence, is shaping our eternal destinies. We are glad that we have experienced trials and difficulties at W. W. A. We look back upon our trials and difficulties which we have surmounted, and we are brought to the realization that this priceless quality of Simplicity has had its share in our success. "Lowliness of heart is real dignity, and humility is the brightest jewel in the Christian's crown."

The next part of our motto is Sincerity. The sincere man and woman of today is sought for by all. The world is calling today for men, not for cowards, men who are broad-minded, and who will mix common sense with their own ideas; men who will not let education or honor spoil them for everyday life. It needs men who are educated through and through, men whose eyes can see, men whose hands are not afraid to work, men whose hearts are tender and full of love, men whose feet are swift to go where great needs exist, and men who can uplift their fellow beings. In other words, men who are sincere in their work and to their God.

The third and last part of our motto is Service. "We are to stand as minute men ready for service, however small it may be." Does life really require much service? you may ask. Yes! life is made up of fragments of service. When we go hence we shall find that the fragmentary Christian life on earth, with its principles of love and simplicity, and Christian spirit, is that hour of which heaven is made. The story is told of a celebrated musician who had a large number of pupils. It was his custom at the end of a specified time to give a grand concert at which his favorite pupil was to be made the conspicuous figure. There was one among the others who was given fragmentary work. No part of his instruction seemed to have the least connection with any other part. It was dull work, but he practiced upon the dull fragments and fought discouragements. When the day of celebration came he was chosen as the favorite pupil. He felt that he did not know a single complete piece of music. Tremblingly he took his place at the instrument, and when the score which he was to play was placed before him he throbbed and thrilled with delight to



find that the completed work was made up of the fragments which he had mastered and which were now perfectly arranged.

Again, I say, life is made up of fragments of simple, sincere acts of service for others. Life would be empty if there were no service. Faber has said, "The colored sunsets and the starry heavens, the beautiful mountains and the painted flowers, are not half so beautiful as a soul that is serving Jesus out of love, in the wear and tear of common life."

Dear parents, our hearts are filled with emotion as we behold you this evening. Gladly would we vacate these seats and give you our places. We realize to some extent the sacrifices you have made in our behalf, and the interest you have shown in us while we have been receiving our training. Words fail to express what you have done for us. We wish to prove to you our appreciation by living lives of usefulness in service to our fellowmen.

Board members, tonight we wish to thank you for the service you have given in the successful progress of our school, and for your excellent judgment in the selection of our faculty.

Kind teachers, tonight we feel grateful to you for the part you have played in our lives. You have striven to develop in us characters as well as intellects. Our ideals and ambitions have been set much higher through our association with you, and by taking heed to your experienced counsel. Our hearts are indeed thankful to you for your unselfish devotion to us.

Fellow students, our hearts go out to you for the kindness you have shown, for the cheerfulness you have given, and for the burdens you have lightened. We treasure the friendships we have formed with you. You will always remain in our memories as the friends of W. W. A.

As the class of 1925, we respond to the call of giving our lives for the uplift of humanity in "Simplicity, Sincerity, and Service."

GEORGE M. JOHNSTON.



EDITORS



TENNIS AT W.V.A.

SLIZ-ORS  
OUR  
PRESIDENT



TRAILERS



BELLS EUB



ANOTHER GRIP



HERO



STOMP SPEECH



"I Will Follow Thee"



RISING BELLE



TWINS



NESTOR



ALMOST  
PERSUADED



AT LAKE SAWYER



BUDDIE



ESPANOL AGONIES

## Valedictorian's Address

This world is so constituted that, sometime in our life we must face a parting, a farewell. It will ever be so until the constitution of this world is changed. As people go to new regions in which to live, they find new friends, new associates, and new surroundings; but always there is, in the hidden record of the past, the sad memory of the parting scene, the picture of old friends and loved ones.

Tonight, as we have assembled to take part in this leave-taking, we are reminded of several parting scenes in tales with which we all are well acquainted. Let us turn for a moment to the story of Joseph: He was a promising boy, sincere, eager, and courageous. Taught at the feet of his patriarchal father, he earnestly looked forward to the coming Messiah, and placed true faith in the promises given by God to his forefathers, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob.

Then, when only a youth blossoming into young manhood, Joseph was sent on an errand to his older brothers, and suffered the cruel fate of being sold as a slave by the sons of his own father. Indeed, that was a sad farewell, although a silent one. As he passed within a few miles of his father's tents, how he must have eagerly watched for a last glance of the well known scenes between the hills. Imagine how he must have harbored the last faint hope of his restoration to his father's home, and how he must have longed for a parting blessing.

But this was Joseph's graduation. It was the gate through which he walked from his boyhood into his life of usefulness. God had a higher purpose for him than to be an idle dweller of Jacob's tent. He had a great career outlined for His servant, one which later afforded the shelter of God's people during a period of famine and distress.

As Joseph determined in his sorrow to live for God and to do his best no matter what befell him, so we have determined that, in our future life, we will do our utmost to reach the highest goal set for us. His seemingly unfortunate parting brought about great good for his loved ones. So will ours, if we let God carry on His plan for us. As we leave the

academy to complete our education elsewhere, and then to enter God's harvest field, whatever success we may have will do honor to our beloved alma mater.

At the siege of Jerusalem, Daniel left his quiet Jewish home for the busy metropolis of Babylon. His heart probably ached when he parted from the scenes of his boyhood, but in Babylon he was called to witness for his promised Savior before the rulers of the world. His faithfulness in serving his Master caused the light of truth to shine brilliantly in those old universal kingdoms. And the light which he so kindled has not yet been extinguished, but daily increases its power as we understand the wonder of God as wrought through this honored servant.

We realize that each of us have a place in God's vineyard. To find that place is our true desire. If God should so wish for us to witness for Him in like manner as did Daniel, or, if we are to have but the humblest part, we shall be satisfied to have served our King.

It is this desire to serve which prompts us to continue our education. God has placed the privilege of finishing the Gospel message upon the shoulders of the young people of today. We must not shirk this responsibility. We must prepare ourselves to be efficient that we might be worthy to labor in His vineyard.

Before we say farewell to you tonight, dear friends, we wish to thank each of you for your cooperation and encouragement, and for the interest that you have shown in this academy.

Attending this school, surrounded as it is by the wonders of God's creation, we have learned many lessons from His book of nature as well as from our printed text books. We have here enjoyed the association with Christian young people, and have had the pleasure of being taught by an earnest, consecrated faculty.

For all this we are grateful to Western Washington Academy. The very atmosphere of the place has seemed to help us grow spiritually, mentally and morally. God's presence has been here and we have felt its special blessing upon many occasions. It has been here that some of us have found our Savior and all have experienced a closer walk with Him.

The members of the class appreciate all the faculty have done for them. We thank each member for painstaking effort to help us, for patience in working with us, for encouragement in leading us on in the face of difficulty. We express our heart-

felt gratitude to Professor Hamilton, our principal and faculty advisor, for his personal interest in each of us. His daily example has inspired us to long to realize noble ambitions and higher hopes.

We are also grateful to the members of the school board, who have so liberally given us their time and means, and have been interested in every detail in the advancement of our school.

Dear schoolmates, as we look back upon the many days that we have spent with you, we sense alternately a thrill and a heart throb, a thrill because we know that these have been four of the happiest years of our lives, a heart throb as we realize that they are now at an end.

The joys and sorrows we have shared have been woven into the perfect network of an ideal school life. Each day has brought its trials or its joys, the trials tempering and shaping our characters, the joys polishing, softening and illuminating them until our lives have become stronger, purer, and more beautiful.

We wish to express our appreciation for the great boon we have—our parents. Dear loved ones, it has been you that have sacrificed to send us here; it has been your faith in us that has buoyed us up in the face of difficulties. Your cheery letters have given us courage even on the most gloomy days.

Fathers and mothers, we love you. We hope that you will not be disappointed in your ideals and aspirations for us. We know that you will not, for at this academy we have received an education that you could have given us at no public institution, for here we have been developed spiritually and morally, as well as physically and mentally.

Dear classmates, we also have encouraged each other on in the path of graduation. We have sympathized with each other as we passed through the same difficulties. We have traveled many days together down the path of life, but, as four years ago we joined, we must now separate and live the remainder of our lives divided. It may never be that we will be privileged to again gather as a class on this earth. But, fellow classmates, may we each prove faithful, persevering to the end that, some day, we may reunite beyond the celestial blue in yon eternity.

"There must be something sad and solemn in partings. They remind us that there is nothing in this world which we can call our own; that all which God gives us is His, not ours;



lent, not given. . . . At the best, we, like our fathers, are only dwellers in tents. Here and there,—by some sweet well, under some spreading tree, on some green spot,—we linger for a time; but the evening comes at last, the stars come out, the encampment is broken up, and we must move away. And very soon we shall have made our last stay of all; the sky will flush with the crimson of its last sunset; the last long shadows of the twilight will lengthen round us; the last farewell will be sighed forth from weary lips. After that our tent will be moved no longer; for then we hope that it will be pitched for the last time, under the walls of the heavenly city, and the sun shall go down on us no more."

VIVIAN E. NELSON.



## Class Song

Music by MISS MILDRED WYMAN and BYRON G. MCKIBBEN

As a sculptor molds his clay,  
From the image of his thought;  
So from out our school days here  
Noble characters may be wrought.

In our hands is placed the clay,  
From on high the impulse comes,  
That inspires the soul to carve  
A matchless image of his love.

To be prepared thru life's broad way,  
To be sincere will be our creed,  
To be of service where need is found  
Ready to go where the Master needs.

We go reluctant yet we know  
True friendship never ends,  
For graven deep within our hearts  
There's a picture of our friends.

PRISCILLA BATCHELDER.



STUDENT ASSOCIATION

# What Will You Do?

A MESSAGE TO THE YOUNG PEOPLE OF  
WESTERN WASHINGTON

A Christian education is within the reach of every young man or woman who wills to obtain it. Impossibility, in education, is an old-fashioned word with a definition but without a meaning.

There was a time when a young Lincoln, with an insatiable thirst for learning, was forced to beg the loan of books and read them after sixteen hours of strenuous labor by a flickering tallow candle or the smouldering embers of a cabin fireplace; and a young Dr. Marden, on a scanty wage of twelve dollars per month, supported a helplessly dependent sister, eked out a scanty living for himself, and veritably forced his way up through Colby Academy.

In comparison with that era, the youth of today—and especially our youth—have an education—and that a Christian education—virtually thrust upon them. “Doth not wisdom (education) cry? and understanding put forth her voice?” She standeth at the gates and entries to the cities and crieth to our youth: “Unto you, O men, I call; and my voice is unto the sons of men.” If these words, spoken by Solomon one thousand years before the time of Christ, were true then, surely they are truer now.

In fact, our Union Conference is massed with opportunities for the youth. Think of it! An academy in every conference begging and bidding and challenging the best to enter her class rooms! Solomon evidently was writing of our age and our conference, for truly education stands in the city and the country and the byways calling and beckoning to you. Those who turn a deaf ear to her call are evading an education: education evades no one in this era. What will you do? Around this question revolve tremendous possibilities. Into your answer are telescoped the grandest opportunities of this world and the world to come. Then, what will you do?

You haven't any money? Our school was made for you. Our schools are made for boys and girls of grit and gumption,

*(Continued on page 41)*

*Twenty-seven*



GREEN RIVER VALLEY FROM W. W. A.



## A Missionary's Retrospection

Across the veldt the sky was still glowing with the last ruddy tinge of red from the rays of an unmerciful summer sun as it sank below the world's rim at the far edge of the plain. The dusk with its colors of purple and evening grey, followed close on the trail of sunset, and brought with it the beginning of the usual night serenade from the throats of the wild life of the African jungle and plain.

It is pleasant in the evening, after an afternoon trek of ten miles across African plains with no shade other than that afforded by a pith helmet, to rest at ease in the embrace of a deep wicker rocker in the cool air on a broad veranda.

Retrospection often comes at such a time, like the quieting effects of a soothing melody, to one who is tired in body and mind; and so it comes to me now as I rest from the labors of the day.

Memory takes me back again to the time of my student days at Western Washington Academy. In mental picture I recall the home life in the boys' dormitory, and with it come many pleasant and happy memories full of hours of joyful association with fellow students. Times of play and times of work pleasantly remembered, cause a pang of homesickness, and a longing again for the enjoyable time of school days.

But my school days have long been over, and the thoughts of school work, and pleasant associations will ever linger in my memory.

This evening the school and the beauty of the surrounding country in the spring of the year, when I last saw the Academy are clearly visioned in my retrospection. I can see the school grounds with the green lawns and beds of blossoming flowers.

The valley below the school, as I remember it, was a picture of peace and beauty, surrounded by hills clad with tall fir trees. It lay like a small paradise, with green fields, white dotted with grazing cattle and an occasional farm house nestling in the shade of tall cottonwood trees and wide spreading maples. The orchards in bloom, gave the appearance of drifts of snow, late in melting, while along one side of the valley





1 Magnet Staff  
2 Student Assn Officers  
3 Ministerial Band  
4 Leaders Band



Green River like a silver ribbon flowed down a stream bed, bordered on either side by cottonwood and alder trees.

It would be pleasant indeed to cool and refresh oneself in the clear waters of one of its many pools after such heat as one endures any day in this clime.

The snow-clad peak of Rainier's lofty height still rears its crag-cleft summit into eternal beauty and splendor, from among the foothills a few miles behind the school. It brings a soothing coolness to me now, as in mental scene I view its snowbound slopes and cliffs, pink colored and gold with sunset light, as they were when last I saw them.

Retrospection, however, is usually brief, and especially so in a missionary's life. My thoughts of the homeland are interrupted by sounds of a disturbance in the natives (Boma) which joins the mission grounds in back of our buildings.

Thus my visionary recollections must be left, and my thoughts are turned again to the sterner realities of life.

ELVEN R. ALLEN.

## Juniors

"Only Juniors!" do you say? Wait a moment before you place too small an estimate upon us.

To be sure, we are less advanced than our honored Seniors, but aren't we all prepared and ready to step into their places as they step out? Fifteen Juniors today—Seniors tomorrow—still Juniors with glad anticipation and hope for the future, yet without the sad regrets of having to bid farewell to our beloved school; for it is our privilege to spend one more year here, and as Seniors, do just as we have been doing as Juniors—namely, work hard toward our ultimate goal, that of graduation, which is only a step toward better service for others.

Juniors are indispensable requisites at W. W. A. Do you wish a book from the library, or something from the store? In either place you will be met with a smile and real service from the young ladies in charge. They are Juniors.

Perhaps you wish to take a stroll in the quiet of the late evening, while the silver moon—what's that? Ho! a light envelopes you, and then a voice from behind the light says, "Who's there?" Yes, 'tis the night-watchman—a Junior.

How the words "Inspiration Point" thrill the heart of every W. W. A. student and faculty member; and how proud we are of our new greenhouse. Did you know the hands of Junior boys worked skilfully and faithfully in the construction of both? If any of our buildings were on fire, think how much the five Junior boys would be missed if not on duty with fellow firemen.

As for entertaining qualities, the Juniors are accomplished. You will find in our realm elocutionists and musicians of several types, vocalists, pianists, and those playing the violin and ukulele.

We would not forget those things pertaining to the spiritual side of school life. In this also the Juniors do their share when called upon for duty, doing such work as Missionary Volunteer officers, Sabbath School teachers, leaders of singing, pianists, and leaders of prayer bands.

Yes, we're only Juniors, but only those who have been Juniors know the good times that memory recalls at mention



1  
Mission Bands  
2  
Dormitory Girls  
3  
Domestic Science Class  
4  
Sabbath School  
& M.V. Officers



## Student Activities

When we think of student activities, immediately comes the thought of the Students' Association of Western Washington Academy, which conducts all student activities. Realizing that this is only the second year since this organization was formed, it has made remarkable progress, and proved a great value to our school. It is the purpose of this organization to aid in the advancement of the financial and material interests of the school, as well as to promote the spiritual, cultural and social activities of the student body.

The spiritual side of education must be the first consideration and therefore the first division of the Students' Association is the Spiritual Committee. Outside of our regular school work we have the Missionary Volunteer Society, under which the mailing, correspondence, distributing, leaders, personal workers, and foreign mission bands operate and afford a splendid opportunity for every one to engage in some phase of missionary activity, and gain experience in lines that will be of special benefit as stepping stones to greater work in the Master's service.

As we realize that the source of all true wisdom and power comes from above, and that prayer is the connecting link between us and our Heavenly Father, prayer bands are organized in the dormitories, and every Wednesday morning the chapel period is devoted to prayer.

Last, but not least, are our Friday evening devotional meetings which bring both teachers and students nearer to each other and nearer to our Heavenly Father by the inspiring and uplifting services.

The second division of the Students' Association is the Culture Committee, which tends to draw our intellects toward the refined qualities of our association and life. The Good English Week was carried on to help us to gain a better use of English, better pronunciation, and a more distinct enunciation. In connection with this, a tag and a poster contest added greatly to the interest.

The Magnet staff has proved very zealous in its work this year, and we are fully satisfied with the results of our school paper, which was published monthly. Our chorus class was



one of the most interesting features of our music work. The second semester this class was reorganized into a Glee Club, which planned musical programs occasionally. We are glad that we have the privilege of having Culture Clubs in the girls' and boys' dormitories, where on Sunday evenings we are given instruction along lines of good manners and formal etiquette.

The third division of our Students' Association is the Social Committee. Indeed, with the memories of a few eventful evenings, such as the Sunday evening the girls entertained their dormitory brothers, and in turn they so royally treated the girls in the dining room, formal programs, marshmallow roasts and picnics, we do not doubt their enthusiasm.

Another interesting as well as beneficial part of our work accomplished in the association were occasional campaigns which have definitely proved the enthusiasm that the students have shown in the welfare of interests relating to student activities. The "Greenhouse Campaign" was conducted by each student raising at least one dollar for the completion of the greenhouse, a real asset to the academy.

We believe there is no better advertisement for the school than its students and their work, and therefore a certain number of the students most talented in entertaining were selected from the student body and made several trips to various parts of our conference, that those who have done so much in establishing the school might see the work that is being accomplished and that other young people might gain a desire to come.

As leaders of the various committees, campaigns and societies, we students are given the opportunity to develop our initiative and executive powers, and put into practical use that which we have gained from book study. We learn to carry responsibilities, and a test of dependability is the greatest key to service.

EDNA MAE BODDY, '25.



1  
Wood Work Class

2  
Baking Class

3  
Sewing Class

4  
Dormitory Boys



## Rainierecho Staff

### EDITORS

*Editor* ..... Curtis M. Hanna  
*Assistant Editor* ..... Vivian Nelson  
*Art Editor* ..... Byron G. McKibben  
*Photo Editors* ..... Edna Boddy, Dortha Bemis, Lance Bishop  
*Faculty Advisor* ..... Prof. H. H. Hamilton

### MANAGERS

*Business Manager* ..... Priscilla Batchelder  
*Advertising Manager* ..... Esther Hanley  
*Circulation Managers* ..... Irene Dougan, Margie Heaton, Asst.





1

Freshman Class

2

Sophomore Class

3

Junior Class

4

Music Students



2



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WHAT WILL YOU DO?—Continued from page 27

of full brains and empty purses; and not one of our youth with sound health, a good will, a pure heart, and the knack of helping himself need turn away hopeless. Think of the colporteur scholarship plan and the dozen other means to your end—an education. Think! Think! And then act!

"I can't—don't use that word, please, young friend. There is no such word to those who want to strong enough. You have heard how, when Napoleon ordered his troops across the towering ice-clad Alps, an officer of his staff accosted him thus: "We can't cross the Alps, Sire." "Bring me your dictionary," replied his superior. "There shall be no Alps." And he quickly tore "can't" from the officer's dictionary. Accordingly the famous Simplon pass was built through the mountains.

Napoleon knew no defeat. His defeats were victories. The battle of Marengo went against the French all morning, and all were expecting an order to retreat, but when Napoleon found that it was only two o'clock he said: "The battle is completely lost; but it is only two o'clock and we shall have time to gain another." He renewed the charge and won the day.

No, don't give up now. Don't tire. Yes, you have failed once, but don't give up. You must reach your goal. Wait for your second wind. You are merely bruised, not broken. Don't surrender at the first firing of the battle. It is only two o'clock.

The long distance swimming championship of America was won by a boy who didn't consider that he was defeated until all his vitality was depleted. For the last two miles of his race he swam in the clutches of a cramp which locked his legs as tight as the doors of a bank safe—with half his body a dead, numb, agonizing weight, he kept in the contest. He knew that each sweep of his arm meant a yard more in his favor: and so long as there was breath in his lungs and blood in his arms he would not acknowledge that his race was run. He kept on after he was tired. And therein lies the key to your victory and success.

Just a last word: don't forget to bring God into your struggle after an education, for He is the Omnipotent One. When Abraham Lincoln was visiting the city of New Orleans, in his early days, he witnessed the selling of a negro mammy

and her consequent separation from her kindred. Right there and then young Lincoln promised: "God helping me, if I ever get a chance to hit this thing, I will hit it and hit it hard," and he did, you remember, by God's help. That is the secret. What will you do? My friend, say I WILL—by God's help—attend Western Washington Academy.

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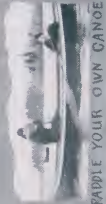
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JUNIORS—Continued from page 32

of the word. The joys that have come to us have given us new courage and zeal for the next, our last, year's work. And the little sorrows and troubles that have visited us have only strengthened our determination to fill the vacancy the Seniors will leave, ever looking forward to the climax of our high school career, graduation night. Then our goal is the broad harvest field when we shall answer the call by a "Here am I, send me."

Until then, remember us as THE JUNIORS.

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Donald Steele: "Professor, I have made some money and I want to do something for my old school. I don't remember what studies I excelled in, if any."

Professor: "In my classes you slept most of the time."

D. S.: "Uh! Well, I'll endow a dormitory."

---

Barney: "There is something about you I like."

Margie: "What is it?"

Barney: "The gentleman with you."

---

Miss Heaton: "The author of this book is a very learned man. How do you like him, students?"

M. T.: "He writes in too small a print."

---

A man called at a village postoffice for a registered letter which he knew would be waiting for him. The letter was there but the clerk demurred at handing it over as he had no means of identifying the caller. The caller took a photograph of himself from his pocket, remarking: "I think that ought to satisfy you as to who I am."

The clerk looked long and earnestly at the portrait and then said: "Yes, it's you, right enough. Here's your letter."

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Many of our people who have heard of the Seattle "diploma mill" are not aware of the existence of the Universal Sanipractic College—Seattle. A college which has been operated under state charter, good business management, high educational qualifications and the strictest rules relative to regular attendance.

From the latter institution—the Universal—Samuel L. Woodruff and Olive Pearl Houde, both well known in Western Washington and especially at W. W. A., were graduated. Dr. Woodruff is operating the Centralia Sanitarium, a place where drugless methods are applied in a rational and scientific manner, and Dr. Houde has offices in the Eitel building in Seattle.

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# ALUMNI

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1919—1920	1921—1922	1922—1923	1923—1924
Otis Johnson	Teresa Burg	Irma Gill	Alex Monteith
Miriam Nelson	Dora Cady	Angus Purdey	Mac Jackson
Oscar Nelson	Hayes Davis	Freda Kolm	Jack Randall
Maude McDonald	Vernon Gyes	Julius Jacobson	John Ritchie
1920—1921	Ema Herman	Katherine Cook	Melvin Davis
Malcolm Graham	Ralph Hoover	Frances Gardner	William Shephard
Hazel Hatch	Theron Lambert	Luella Nelson	Harold Sandwick
Mabel Headland	Alta Long	Rachel Boothby	Vernon Gronemyer
Laura Knowles	Violet Meade	Esther Knox	Vernon Maas
David Larson	Cecil Russell	Lorena Bemis	Hazel Gronemyer
Reuben Nelson	Ellen Rottmiller	John Steeves	Evelyn Hamilton
Lewis Peterson	Nellie Taylor	Ruth Edwards	Hazel Fay
Lloyd Tupper	Jake Wagner	Cynthia Steeves	Myrtle Hopke
Mary Ulery	Lillian Lambert	Clarence Goodman	
Anna Belle Williamson	Geneva Droulland	Gladys Voorheis	
Elva Zachrison			

---

The motorist was a stranger in Seattle streets. It was evening. George approached. "Sir," he said, "your beacon has ceased its function."

"What?" gasped the astonished driver.

"Your illumination, I say, is shrouded in unmitigated oblivion."

"I don't quite—"

"The effulgence of your irradiator has evanesced."

"My dear fellow—"

"The transversal ether oscillations in your incandescer have been discontinued."

Just then Barney came along and said, "Sir, your light is out."

---

Prot. Beach: "Charles, what is meant by presidential timber?"

Charles: "It's what the president uses to make his cabinet."

---

Always laugh when the teacher tells a joke.

---

"Don't knock unless you are opportunity."

---

Fools step out when wise men go to bed.

Dearest Tiny Girl  
 So glad you came  
 out here to school  
 & we could become  
 such good friends!  
 Remember the nice  
 win, you & I slept  
 three deep & I had  
 to leave for Seattle  
 in morning! your  
 old neighbor across  
 the Hill next  
 Mrs. J. M.

Dear Virginia.  
 Remember me  
 as a friend and  
 stand the - interplay  
 I have made in -  
 love -

Dear Virginia:

I will ever remember  
 you as a quiet, unassuming young  
 lady whom I always adored.

H. W. G. J. H.

Sincerely

It is a pleasure to deal with firms whose busi-  
 ness is growing and who are here to stay. West-  
 ern Washington Academy takes this opportu-  
 nity to express its appreciation of the courtesies  
 it has received from concerns such as Schwa-  
 bacher Bros. & Co., whose business relations  
 with the Academy have been most pleasant  
 and profitable.

E. J. Ruth



Dear Virginia:  
 I have enjoyed your  
 friendship. I have  
 enjoyed your sweet  
 ways and hugs we shall  
 see each year here at W.W.A.  
 your friend  
 Summer ranch

Memories

Dear Virginia  
 Remember the  
 happy times at W.W.A.  
 Remember me to  
 all your friends  
 Love  
 Billy

Dear Virginia:  
 I think of the good times we  
 have had to gether at W.W.A.  
 your friend

Martha Shursbury

Dear Virginia  
 I remember our principles  
 and our sweet  
 but did not remember me  
 of all. Lovingly W.W.A.

Love little Billy  
 Love little Billy

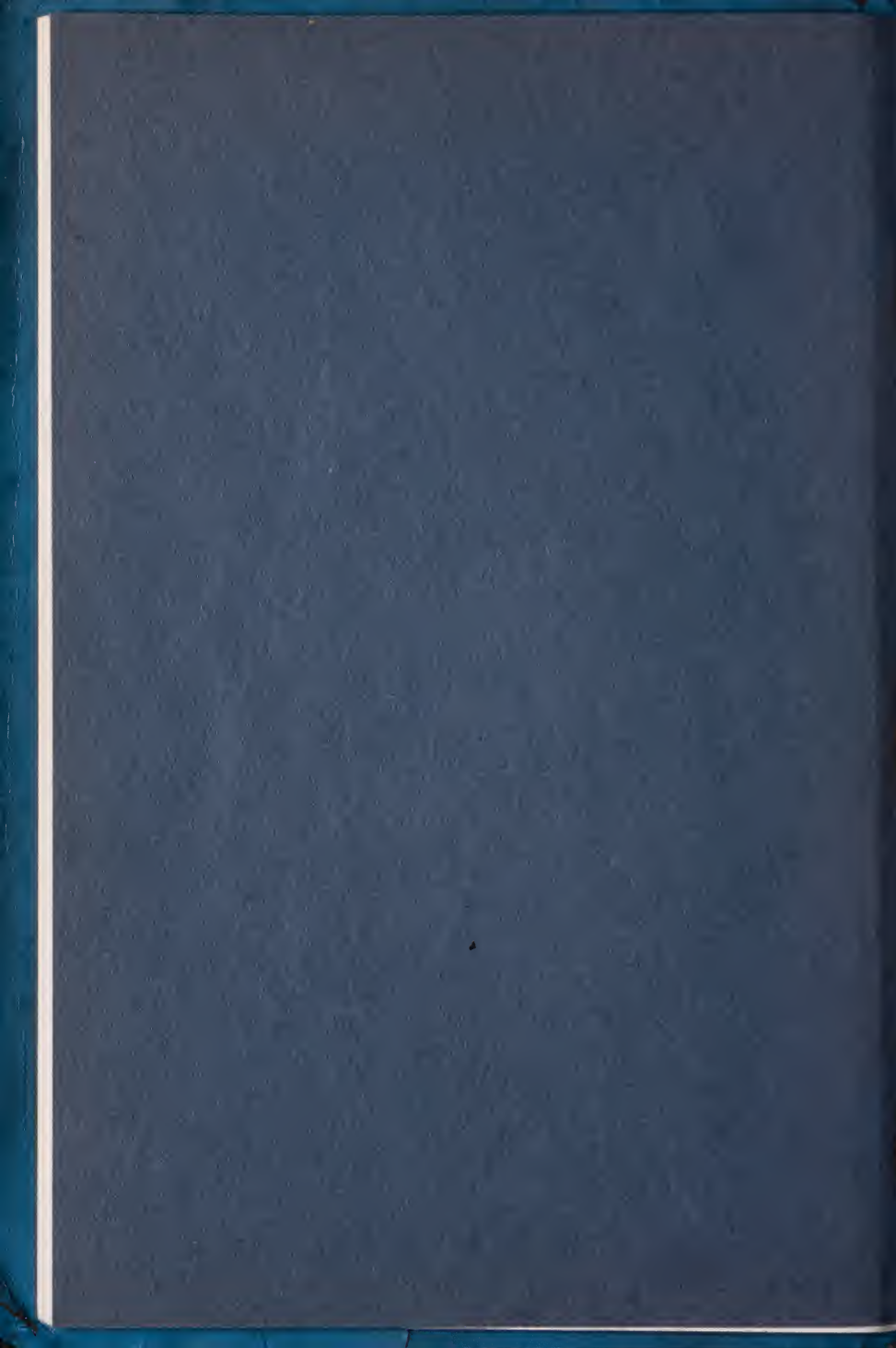
Dear Virginia:

On the long stream of your friendship  
I see you as a link,  
hoping to see you here next year.

Memories

your sincere friend  
Wm. J. Hill.











1824 Crinella Dr.  
St. Helena, Ca. 94574

Dec. 18, 1988

Joyce Merry  
Auburn Adventist Academy  
5000 Auburn Way South  
Auburn, Wash. 98002

Dear Joyce,

We are honored to have a telephone call from you.

After searching thru our files we discovered the 1925 RAINIERECHO. Within it we find the name Virginia Romaine. Who she is or was we are not sure. It is possible we obtained this Rainierecho from Edith Parmenter (Glenna's sister) before her husband died and she broke up house keeping. Her husband Jasper Parmenter was Student Ass'n President and is pictured on page 30. (Front center.)

We are sharing this No. 1 RAINIERECHO with you and our SCHOOL. Please add this to your collection. As of now we see no need for you to return it to us. May it prove a valuable asset.

Keep up the good work.

As always,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Harold + Glenna".

Harold and Glenna Jewkes